A New Addreſs Diverſified

ALL ye Strollers Whores of London,
Come to me, or you'll be undone,
I'm your Guardian and Protector,
Stout as e'er a bouncing Hector.
Doodle, Doodle Doo.

Should my Conduct be ſuſpected,
Mark what lately I've effected,
To the Honour of your City,
Full of Mercy, full of Pity?

I appeal to all who know me,
Thoſe above, and thoſe below me,
That my Mercy has far extended,
As my pity was Pretended.

When the Gipſy and Bawdy-Matron,
Deſtitute where of a Patron,
I no ſooner the Care Inſpected,
Than I bravely both Protected.

Newgate of the one I Cleared,
And the other from Tyburn Spared.
Here's Rare News for Bawds and gipſys,
Now Their Enemy in Eclipes,

That poor Girl young Betty Canning,
Charged with Perjury and Trepanning,
Now muſt make a long Voyagio,
While Egyptians ſing Courragio,

Drink a Health to your Grand Protecter,
Not forgetting the Bright Inſpector.
Natus, Ford, and Dainty Davy,
They are the worthies that did ſave ye.
Doodle, Doodle Doo.

From my Manſion in Grubb-Street July 15